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figure bold, prominent and imposing, as was seen in the portrait of Col. Collier at the Society exhibition.

It may be truthfully said of his work that he reaches near to what Coleridge used to say: "A great portrait should be liker than its original"; it should contain more of the best, more of the essence of the sitter than ever was in any one living look.

* * *

I have just had the pleasure of viewing at the atelier of Wm. Francklyn Paris a superb panel of tapestry for wall covering which has just passed through the Customs House.

It is one of a series of four panels illustrating the seasons. Early last Summer Mr. Paris went to Europe to work upon the cartoons, and the first panel is now only being received, others to follow within the next year. This tapestry is designed for a room in an important mansion in the South. The general character is Louis XIV and this is admirably shown in the architectural handling of the moulding which frames the panel, and also in the pilasters and columns at each end. There is no pretense at imitating old tapestry; the coloring being vigorous and natural. The only suggestion of the antique might be seen in the handling of the ornaments, drapery of the figures, and the treatment of the foliage and landscape, all of which have been carefully studied with a view to accuracy in detail, characteristic of L'Epoch Louis Quatorze. The figures have been carefully studied and modelled. The landscape shows great distance. The texture is superb in quality, mixed and interwoven throughout are threads of pure gold and silver which one very rarely finds, except in tapestries of most extravagant quality, owing to the great difficulty experienced in weaving it with the softer materials of silk and wool. The panel is of generous size, but, due to the splendid handling of the borders, of good proportion. Like wood-carving, tapestries seem to have received a new impetus in this country, and the subject may be treated more seriously some later day.

DUTCH ARTISTS OF THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

By JOHAN GRAMM.

III.

Allow me to commence this concluding article with some reference to our etcher-painters.

BAUER is a name which has become favorably known. He is a magician with the needle and graver, and his wonderful imagination has been further enriched by a journey to the East. His etchings are powerful compositions with broad, streaming light and heavy masses of shade. His work is the best proof of what Topfer, in his humorous *propos d'un peintre*, has wittily indicated: how much color and tone may be found in that severe black and white, if—an artist understands the *sesame*. An etching is to an artist what an epigram is to a poet. It is even debatable whether an etcher in transferring another man's painting to the copper-plate should entirely expunge his own personality. Bauer does not, but GRAADT VAN ROGGEN does. This artist, an etcher who dares to do almost anything with the needle when composing, adheres to the most faithful reproduction. Whether copying a magnificent sea by Mesdag, a city view by Jacob Maris, or the "View of Delft" by Vermeer in the Maurits-house—he sticks so closely to his model that even the rough brush strokes of the heavy impasto are reproduced by the obedient graver.

All honor to the very artistic etchings of such a punctilious master of technique—still I prefer the broader conception of PH. ZILCKEN in his

celebrated "Bridge" after Jacob Maris, or Mauve's "Sheep in the Dunes." Also in his direct work from nature Zilcken shows his dexterity.

JONKHEER C. N. STORM VAN S'GRAVESANDE needs only a few lines to create often an immense depth and breadth on the paper to astound the beholder with his art and craft. He is one of the greatest etchers of the day and his work is often compared favorably with that of Seymour Haden.

Opposed to the somewhat nebulous and sometimes scratchy figures of Bauer, are the strong and sharp picturesque Dutch works by the original etcher, WILLEM WITSEN. He is so faithful in imitating reality that his plates remind one involuntarily of an artistic photograph. He is also a wielder of the brush with distinction, especially in winter scenes.

DUPONT, who has studied many years in France, has made a specialty of the Normandy stallions, and his engravings of these sturdy, broad-chested, iron-strong mountain-movers excite deepest admiration. One of the younger men, LOUIS VAN SOEST, is eminent in his presentation of sunlight or snow or other winter scenes.

ANTON KOSTER used at first the burin most successfully, translating Hobbema's canvases or paintings by Weissenbruch; but soon he became a landscape painter, who chose the colorful tulip and hyacinth fields around Haarlem for his theme. He is able to bring those flaring, loud colors into complete harmony.

The neighborhood of Haarlem has also been the inspiration of V. BAUFFE—but not its dunes or tulip fields, but the canals and ponds and meadows. Bauffe's skyscapes are very true and atmospheric.

The Vecht—that picturesque little river to the east of Amsterdam, which has inspired DU CHATTEL to so many poetic, colorful conceptions—is also the sketching ground of N. BASTERT, whose *coloris* leans more toward Gabriel's. W. C. RIP portrays by preference sheets of water and showery skies; J. WYSMULLER, on the other hand, is the panegyrist of the winter—his snowy village along the frozen canal or his field covered by the frigid white mantle are known and admired. Personally, however, I consider the most beautiful flower, from the bouquet of paintings which he has offered to us, a summer landscape where silver beeches curl upward from among the velvet green sward. It is as if Corot had whispered to him the secret of this vision.

There are again two painters of interiors who, I understand, are becoming known in America. They are JOH. WEILAND and BERNARD DE HOOG. You are, therefore, perhaps acquainted with the sterling quality of their work. Here they are very much thought of and they rank high in the guild of St. Luke.

One of the most popular members of the guild is G. J. ROERMEESTER, who gets older without aging, just like a singer of the Opera. He has been a long time in America, been thrown with a great variety of people and consequently has acquired a wonderful facility of expression. His quick, loosely painted peeps in our meadow-lands are by no means to be passed by, and many a farmyard, village street or little lane is readily depicted by him with astounding *chic*.

One of the former presidents of *Arti*, the art club of Amsterdam, is H. W. Jansen, the painter of river and sea. He has a healthy conception of strenuous harborlife. He always declares a forceful view of things and a laudable variety in presenting them.

A. M. GORTER is a rising painter, a talented landscapist, who may for the present be a partisan of de Bock, but who is steadily progressing in individuality.

The recluse, W. B. THOLEN, is rarely seen. This contemplative artist ever holds communion with nature, far away from the *cabal* and strenuous-

ity of city life. He is intimate with the spirits that hover through lonely roads, or romantic nooks in umbrous dells. His work is not often to be had in his own country, as foreign collectors, with fine discernment, seem to lay claim to whatever he produces—it all goes to England and Germany. He is an artist, related to the school of Jacob Maris and the Barbizons, but thoroughly modern, healthy and serious in his art. To paint figures in a landscape so that they become an integral part is something that few understand. Tholen is a master in this respect.

I believe that the reason that Dutch artists seem to be so popular, even abroad, is because they do not merely give topographical views of what they see, but much more. They show distinct individual interpretations of what they see, and do it in such a way that it awakens a responsive echo. And that is the highest art.



JOSEPH ISRAELS

GOING TO WORK

In the Julius Oehme Gallery

A Whistler story is told by friends of Miss Pamela Smith, the young American artist who has made a reputation abroad by her original work in color and black and white. Miss Smith's designs, while they show uncommon imagination, are technically crude, and a friend of hers who knew Whistler was anxious to get his opinion of them. She took a portfolio of Miss Smith's illustrations to the painter, and waited anxiously as Whistler examined them.

He looked them over carefully, and remarked, gruffly, "She can't paint."

Then he went through them again. "And she can't draw."

A third time he looked through the portfolio, pausing thoughtfully over each sketch.

"But she doesn't need to," he concluded.